

# Poems

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## CONSCIOUS SEDATION

She says  
she doesn't want  
to remember  
anything.  
Young, anxious,  
she will be hard  
to sedate,  
will rise up against  
the cloak of numbness.  
She will not  
trust me  
enough.

So I laugh  
about the "joy juice"  
I will push  
through her veins—and I do it,  
not slow, but  
twice as fast.  
She says the room  
just moved down  
and I say—

"It's the medicine."  
A smile, then  
it fades, she falls  
not to rest but beyond,  
to the place where  
anxiety is  
and then she bubbles  
back, "My feet  
are hazy."  
I say, "It's  
the medicine"—a  
smile, a fade,  
a bouncing back; "I don't want  
to be here when I'm here . . .  
. . . if you know what I mean."  
  
More valium,  
more demerol,  
she doesn't speak  
now  
but her heart quickens

against the fog  
and I know  
when I touch her  
she will rise up  
so I wait  
until the mantle is heavy  
and smothers even  
the quick breath of fear  
  
and I can begin.

DAVID WATTS, MD®  
*Mill Valley, California*

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## DREAM ANALYSIS

Hair plastered by sweat onto the dreamer's face,  
You lead me down the path of righteousness for your name's sake,  
For the sake of the dream.  
I wake and search the sweet darkness, rapidly receding,  
For signs of how to live my daylight life.  
My plans are frivolous, lighter-than-air,  
They float away and disappear.  
I need your dark ballast.  
The adding and subtracting, dividing and multiplying,  
Calculating the cost, the angle, the gimmick,  
Leaves me as weak as water.  
You divine the heart of the matter while I sleep,  
Without formulae or logic,  
So, I wait for your measure of wisdom.

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